August 4 1927 Price 15 cents

Johnston & Murphy Shoe for Men Eminence... as it is fitting that notable lives and peerless works of man should enjoy honored

notable lives and peerless works of man should enjoy honored distinction...so each day, each season for generations, this notable Johnston & Murphy name has been worthy of its great reputation for distinguished style and service in men's footwear.

JOHNS ON SHOE

Newark, N. J.

Lincoln Memorial Washington, D. C.

J. & M. Black Calfskin Oxford. A leading store near you features these superior shoes.

Transmit



Not only supremely beautiful, but ultra smart... Not only 80 and more miles an hour, but suave, dashing, easeful miles... Not only 92 horsepower, but virile, heroic strength to perform any task, anywhere, any time... Not only utmost luxury, but comfort soft as a summer cloud... Not merely a casual means of travel, but a car every owner loves... Drive it and know why Chrysler Imperial "80" has won the reputation among sophisticated motorists of being "as fine as money can build". Nine body styles priced from \$2495 to \$3595, f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

Chrysler Imperial 80°



"What's the matter with this tire? It's just as good as a Kelly-Springfield."
"Well, I've tried a lot of tires that were 'just as good as Kelly-Springfield' and
I'm not buying any more—not when I can get Kellys for the same price."

A Crying Shame

A WOMAN'S tears have oft be-

The vaunted strength of man, and played

Sad havoc with the boasted might Of many a brave and dauntless knight

Who into Beauty's toils has strayed.

Thus Guinevere to Lancelot prayed, And thus was mighty Samson swayed—

What weakened and unmanned them quite?

A woman's tears!

And so each Dora, Lil or Sade Has little cause to be afraid;

For who so harsh that he can slight

His lady when in tearful plight? Nay—as between each man and maid,

A woman steers.

D'Annunzio Cohen.

A Couple of Horoscope Fans Get Together

"'LO, Jim. Have a cigar. To-day's my birthday."

"Lo, Joe. It's mine, too. The Sun in Aries with Venus and Mars."

"Yes, and the Moon with Neptune and Mercury in Taurus."

"You've said it. Persons born this day are natural leaders and thinkers, especially fortunate in all commercial enterprises."

"That's right. And they make fine diplomats, writers, teachers and agents of all kinds."

"They do that. And they are fine entertainers and excellent actors."

"Yes, and they are tireless workers and are bound to rise."

"And they are kind-hearted, loyal, generous, a friend once, a friend always."

"That's right. They are."

"They are fortunate, too, in money matters but should avoid oil stock sold by strangers."

"Yes, and metals make a good investment for people born on this

day."
"And they invariably achieve wealth with a good business of their own. Gosh, it's a great day to be born on."

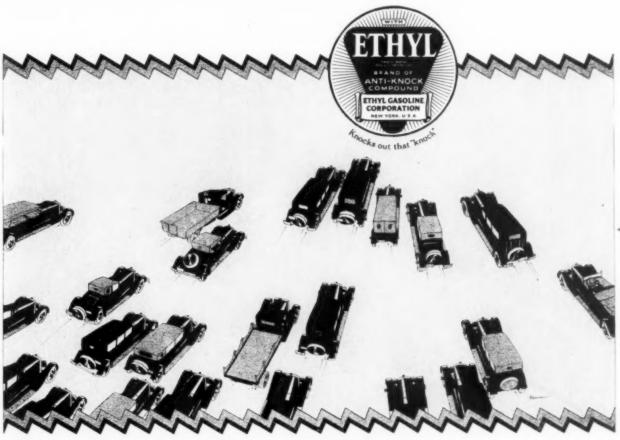
"You said it. Say, lend me a five, will you?"

"Sorry. I'm short myself. Have a cigar?"

W. W. Scott.

"Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall"

ITEM from the Lane (W. Va.) Recorder: "Ed Quinn will work this summer."—Buffalo Courier-Express.



Get the benefits of high compression

AUTOMOTIVE engineers have long known that the efficiency of gasoline engines increases as their compression is raised.

The compression of the present day automobile is as high as the limitations of ordinary gasoline permit. Gasoline is not a perfect fuel. It explodes too soon (i. e., "knocks" and loses power) when compressed beyond certain limits.

That is why automotive research devoted many years to the development of "ETHYL" fluid, which, when mixed in very small quantities with motor gasoline, eliminates its knocking tendencies and makes it a high compression fuel. The fuel so mixed is Ethyl Gasoline.

Ethyl Gasoline has brought the benefits of high compression—greater power and flexibility, faster pick-up, reduced gearshifting—to hundreds of thousands of motorists. This is because carbon deposits raise the compression of your engine beyond the point at which it was designed to perform efficiently with ordinary gasoline.

Try Ethyl Gasoline to-day. Enjoy a driving satisfaction and engine performance that you have never before experienced with your car. The "ETHYL" trademark shown above identifies the Ethyl Gasoline pump.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, 25 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

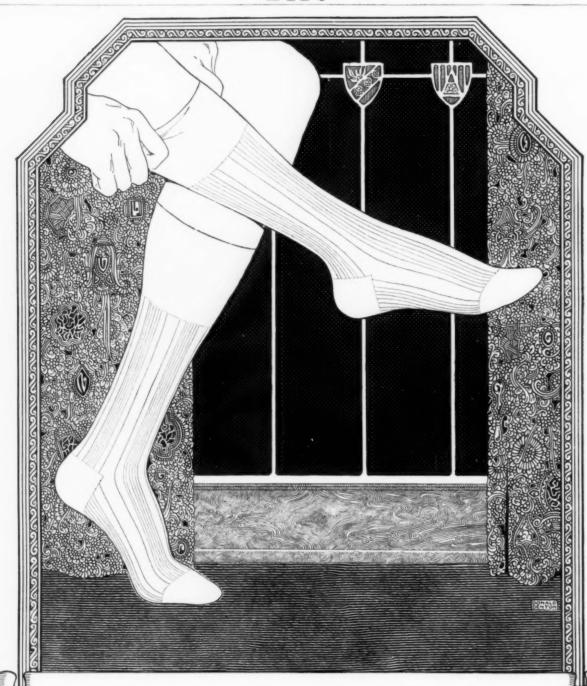
What high compression means to you

THE principle of high compression is readily understood. The tighter you pack the powder charge in a muzzle loading gun, the greater the force given the bullet. Similarly, the tighter gasoline vapor and air are compressed in the combustion chamber (the space between the head of the cylinder and the top of the piston) before ignition, the greater the power derived from the explosion.

Increasing compression therefore simply means decreasing the size of the combustion space, which may be accomplished mechanically or through the formation of carbon.

Higher compression means a more powerful and flexible car, less gearshifting, faster pick-up. In short, a performance impossible with lower compression and the use of ordinary gasoline.

ETHYL GASOLINE



Smart patterns and brilliant textures bring to this "long-mileage" silk sock a remarkable demand that makes possible a popular price.

PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

Life

"Such a Brilliant Conversationalist"

HE: I think you look charming in that dress.

She: I don't at all but it's terribly sweet of you to say so.

HE: You know, you have a certain classic beauty that is faintly disturbing.

She: Honestly, you simply slay me.

HE: There is a certain nymphlike freedom about your every movement that is delightful.

SHE: What a simply thrilling idea!

HE: There is a fawn-like, lilting measure to your walk—your eyes are misty violets kissed by the dawn.

SHE: Actually, my dear, I can't bear it!

HE: I have never met a girl who possessed your haunting, indefinable mystery — your alert perception, your joy in beauty and simplicity.

She: Honestly, I'm embarrassed to tears.

HE: As I look at your profile I long for the genius of one of the old masters to limn the ethereal, fugitive loveliness I see there.

She: I think it's simply divine the way you can sort of make me see everything you talk about — I mean I'd give anything in the world to be such a brilliant conversation-

alist, do you know what I mean?



Home Brew

First Bostonian: HAVE YOU SUCCEEDED IN FINDING A REALLY GOOD BOOKLEGGER YET?

Second Bostonian: NO, BUT IF YOU'LL COME TO THE HOUSE I'LL SHOW YOU SOME GOOD STUFF I WROTE MYSELF.



Mrs.: Dinner ready, honey?

Mrs.: You'll have to wait, dearest. The steak got a little overdone on the electric stove, and I have it in the electric ice-box now, undoing.

Boob's Dictionary

POLICE — Guardians of public safety.

Election Day—A day on which citizens of republics elect men of their choice for public office.

Military Defense - The Army and Navy.

Vacation—A period of rest and relaxation.

Conference—A meeting at which important business is discussed and policies are decided.

Democracy—A nation where there are no privileged classes and everybody has an equal opportunity.

Prohibition-Prohibition.

W. G. H.

The Summer Mermaid

SHE seems so true you think she'd be above

Such tricky things, and yet she does not scruple.

Although she has you teach her how to love.

You find that she is but a parttime pupil,

J. J. O'Connell.

Inevitable

"I HEAR that young Whippesnap has inherited his father's business. What's he going to do with it?"

"Oh, the usual thing, I suppose. Start in at the top and run it down."

A SONG for flappers: "We Are Tinting To-night—"



"MY DEAR, DO YOU KNOW WE HAVEN'T SEEN A COW ALL AFTERNOON?"

"YES, THEY'RE SCARCE, BUT PEOPLE USE SO MUCH OF THAT CANNED MILK THESE DAYS, DON'T YOU THINK?

Reason to Rejoice

THIS is the happiest summer of my life.

It is true that the family's vacation is costing me twice as much as I had borrowed in anticipation.

I admit that the debt on my house is much larger than is allowed by the thrift editorials in the newspapers.

The finance company any day may send a man to take back my automobile.

The coal bin is empty.

I understand I am about to lose my position.

Nevertheless, I sing.

For I have seats for my wife and daughter in the smart section at every fashionable football game this McCready Huston. fall.

About March 1?

"SAY, Pa?"
"What is it?"

"If the evenings are six months long in Greenland, what time do the night clubs have to close?"

THE World Peace Foundation estimates the number of people on earth as 1,906,000,000, and you can find all of them using railroad station phone booths six minutes before your train is scheduled to leave.

The Advertisement Reader Visits Ye Olde Radio Shoppe

WELL, Mr. Designated Dealer and Jobber in Elec-trical Supplies, I am aware that now in Radio, too, social prestige has been established in more than one million of America's finest homes with current direct from the light socket, I admit that the loudspeaker should be a thoroughbred, and I know that the radio bug is hard to satisfy with one-dial control of the best set radio engineers have ever made with flawless reception and proved tone quality which sweeps the air, scores a musical triumph, smashes the barrier of distance, and harmonizes with modern decorative ideas in early American period cabinets, five beautiful console models, and the most economical B-battery ever built with a trend toward simplicity and choice of colors combined with new achievements in performance, impartial fidelity, matchless selectivity, and exclusive outstanding features, the culmination of twenty-five years of radio development direct from the factory at the lowest price on record slightly higher West of the Rockies with battery cable attached which you will gladly demonstrate, only please don't do it now, but give me an extra fuse and a light bulb for the spare bedroom, if you can hear me through all this noise of assorted programs. HEY!"

W. W. Scott.

Sheer Waste

"YOU look angry, my dear."
"I am. Our girls go through the whole summer without any clothes and then I have to go and buy them some just to satisfy the requirements of a finishing school catalogue."



Lighthouse Keeper: THAT YOUNG SMITHERS IS CALLING ON SALLY AGAIN AND THEY'VE TURNED OUT THE LIGHT.

Life

A Little Chat with a Witty Man

"HELLO, old boy. How are you?"

"Me? Say, I'm so sick I think patent leather is a new kind of medi-

"That's too bad. How's business?"

"Business? It's rotten. Say, I'm so broke I think a 'grand' is a kind of piano."

"Is that so? The boss mean, is

"Mean? Say, that guy is so mean he thinks raise is something the sun

"That's tough, all right. How's your girl?"

"Girl? Say, she's so dumb she thinks a speakeasy is a new kind of

"Well, you're not so bright yourself, are you?"

"Bright? Say, I'm so bright my mother calls me sonny."

W. W. Scott.



"ARNOLD, DO THOSE POLO PONIES KNOW WHICH SIDE THEY'RE ON?"

The Line's Busy

H'LO, Dora?...Yeah?...'S Belle ... How's ever' li'l thing? huh? How gauche?...I met a Joe from the U. last week...been rushed to death...and the line! Gce, you could hang up your clothes with the line that boy gives you...Yeah?... Yeah, and the Navy was in last month...just for three days...but three days . . . and I was out . . . no

foolin' . . . these ensigns do me in, trvin' to make up for time lost afloat...honest, they rush from these to those and my dear-and the stuff they gargle . . . straight alcohol...no foolin'...no t for me, I'll play safe and stick to gin....I've heard

of people going blind on alcohol.... Yeah, me too.... Edgar?...Oh, he's just right up on the surface...took me to Corretti's Friday night...too tight in that place...no air, no room, no excuse...even the orchestra's offside.... Oh, say, Gwen was over yesterday, and we went roller skating at the new rink ...and what I know about roller

skating is like nothing twice.... I look like a tie-and-dye batik from bumping the bumps....I've got black and blue plots all over my frame Amy and Louie want us to go to the opening at Casa del Oro but I can't see it I know what it'll be . . . two hours driving to get there, then four hours of guzzling and toe leaping...then the big race to get to bed before the family get up and before you can get to sleep you have to get up looking "healthy and rested" so the family won't put an Oregon boot on you and shield you from the world for two months.... I just heard a car drive in . . . guess it's the family . . . well . . . what?...fine with me...what time? ..one-thirty?...sure thing, Dora, thanks ! . . . So long!

Lorna Cooper.

Finality

H^{AVE} a cigarette?"

"Have a nip?"

"Nope."

"Whatsa matter, don't you love me any more?

NO wrestler over forty-five years old can compete in Illinois, according to a new law. This ought to ease congestion on the supper-club dance floors.



The Baby (outside store): HEY, OFFICER, GO IN AND PINCH MY MOTHER, WILL YA? SHE'S HAD ME PARKED HERE FOR HOURS.



Yahoo Center Deacon Bloonoze's Still Lets Go



THE MOTORISTS WHO STRIP THE COUNTRYSIDE OF SHRUBS ALSO TAKE SOME OF THE LAKE WATER HOME FOR BATHING.

Fifteen Minutes a Day

BELIEVE everything the magazine ads. tell me, and as a consequence I am terribly worried.

I know that in fifteen minutes a day I can familiarize myself with the best literature of all the ages, earn from three hundred dollars a week up in my spare time by pleasant, easy methods, become a cartoonist or South American manager of my firm, learn Spanish, German, Greek, Albanian, Sioux and enough French to ask for purée mongole, thereby confounding the waiter and all the rest of the party who are taking no chances but are prudently ordering split pea soup; master the

saxophone, ukulele, guitar, banjo and cymbals; be called into the president's office and soar above poor old Jim Hendricks, who is destined to remain at the same bench all his life; become adept at the Black Bottom and Charleston, increase every one of my body muscles 200 per cent., so I can rise in the morning and go through the day with that healthy glow; sell subscriptions to the Curtis publications, become a silvertongued orator and get elected to the Senate, make ship models that go in bottles and bring seventyfive dollars apiece or more, learn civil engineering, botany, hypnotism and card tricks, which will make me the life of the party and

thus obviate any dirty digs my wife would otherwise make about my being a dumb Ike as we drive home in our limousine; breed thoroughbred dogs and parrots, pick up practical medicine at a glance, so that if I ever get housemaid's knee I shall know what to do about it, acquire skill in boxing, fencing and mountain climbing; put that new roof on my house myself instead of hiring somebody; pick up extra pin money by turning discarded phonograph records into waffle irons, and win the

girl of my choice through sheer personal magnetism.

Yes, sir, I can learn to do all these things in fifteen minutes a day, and still I am worried.

I am worried because the other twenty-three hours and forty-five minutes are going to drag so dread-

Tip Bliss.

General Orders

JONES (to his chauffeur): While we're away on this trip, Muggins, I want you to put nothing but Triple Superba Oil in the car. Insist upon it; take nothing else, and above all, see that the garageman is giving you what you demanded. I can't afford

to have a ten-thousanddollar car ruined by using inferior oil. Get what you ask for, Muggins, or nothing at all.

Muggins: Very well, sir.

(A wide open space later.)

Muggins (to his employer): I saw Tony to-day, sir, and he couldn't give me a case of Gordon Haig. He said he'd been out of it for a week and he didn't know when the next shipment was coming through. I knew you wanted it on the trip, sir, so I did as usual-I took a case of whatever he had. Er-er-did-did I-? JONES: Splendid! You did

quite right, Muggins. Bill Sykes.



She: WHAT DO YOU MEAN, PRO-WAR? He: THAT'S EASY. A FIGHT IN EVERY DRINK.



She (on the wrecked bridge): IF WE ONLY HAD A RED FLAG OR SOMETHING
TO SIGNAL THE TRAIN! OH, WHAT SHALL WE DO?

He: HERE, QUICK! RUN THIS HANDKERCHIEF OVER YOUR LIPS.



The Aquaplane Girl
WHY DON'T THE ROTOGRAVURE PHOTOGRAPHERS EVER SNAP HER WHEN
SHE LOOKS LIKE THIS?

Tabloid Itinerary

"I SUPPOSE you are going to Niagara Falls to see the wonders of nature, and to Washington and Philadelphia to see the places of historic interest?"

"No. First we're going to Utica to see the house where the necktie salesman murdered his wife, the milkman and the milkman's horse. Then we're going to Syracuse to take a look at the spot where the infuriated woman lashed her husband and his stenographer to the railroad tracks. In Buffalo we intend to stop at the hotel where the beautiful young girl threw three of her suitors from her top-floor room to the street below. Then if we have time we are going on to Cleveland."

"What happened in Cleveland?"
"Nothing much. My wife's sister lives there."

Bill Sykes.

Iconoclast

OFT indulge a deep desire, Despite old burns, to play with fire.

Quite cheerfully, To-day, I shun What on the Morrow can be done.

The stitch in time is never mine— Preferring, later, to sew nine.

Two birds appeal more in a tree Than one upon my palm, to me.

So much that's golden does not glitter—

For instance, a banana fritter.

I love to care for pounds—content To see my pennics freely spent.

If I should ever go to Rome,
I'd act just as I do at home.

Doris Clute.

Rubbing It In

WILLIS: Have you got one of these home refrigeration plants?

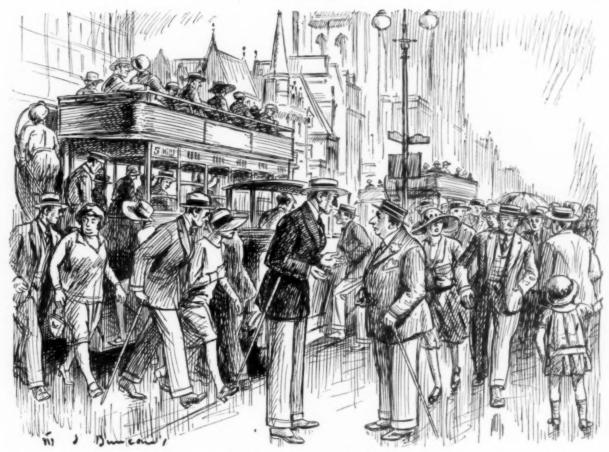
Gillis: You bet; and I've got a whistle on it, too, to razz the iceman when he goes by.



"I'M SURE THEY'RE SECRETLY MAR-RIED!"

"HOW DO YOU KNOW?"

"HE HAS CHANGED TO HER BRAND OF CIGARETTES,"



"I DECLARE, EVERYBODY SEEMS TO HAVE GONE OUT OF TOWN FOR THE SUMMER." .
"ISN'T IT THE LIMIT." I HAVEN'T SEEN A SOUL IN MONTHS."

The Go-Getter Has a Vacation

G-O-S-H! This is marvelous... wonder if B. G. wired Crosby about those gadgets...WHEN DO WE EAT?...sure, I'm ready for anything...did I tell Miss Snaply about that Finchley matter, I wonder...they're biting, are they?

Great, lead me to 'em...wonder if the Gordon people will come across this week...what a place for a bill-board...so this is where we hook 'em, eh?...did I tell D. K. to let that assistant advertising man go...what's his name?...gor', look at 'em jump...what the dev-

il's his name?...what, you got two; well, wait until I get going...oh, yes, Fanby...I better wire to-night and have R. V. put Hadley's boy on ...there, not bad...half a pound?...got to keep Hadley with us... yeah, I'm through...and hungry...

wonderful how a man forgets everything when he's hauling them in, isn't it?... Louis De Armand.

Out of Bounds

TWO little Negro boys were fightin an alley with two white boys,

when a man in the next backyard, tiring of the din, stepped from his gate and called out: "Here, you niggers, scat outa here, quick!"

"Yaah, you," instantly came back the insulted darkies, "you get back in there where you pays rent."

-	1 '	2	3	4	5	6	2							
	My Own Cutie	How" About Showing You The Town 2	Fill be around with the Fil old Motor Garkit to get you(#)	and we'll take to the monies (b)	and the towney see 4 main parks (c)	House (d)	Charlee							
"20th Century Sheik	* Saturdays only 1 No parlor car 8 carries no Baggage exceeding 250 lbs. in weight b not responsible for errors, inconvenience or damage in finding seats in the dark C No regular metal served													

d Subject to change without notice



THE STEELWORKER TAKES HIS FAMILY DOWNTOWN ON SUNDAY TO SEE HIS NEW JOB.

The Low-down on Wall Street

"HOW'S everything down in the Street?" I asked Templetone, who writes the weekly market letter for Pond, Scrounce, Bladgett & Blassington

& Blassington.

"Well," he answered, "take the good investment issues, for instance, which, by extension, includes those that have ploughed back earnings, increased inventory turnover and built in against whirlwind depression, as well as those that yield a near-top profit without any sacrifice to the smooth money crowd. Under strong sponsorship they are likely to display more than a brief, spasmodic

vigor, especially since the underpinnings are resting firmly on the rock foundation erected by the hit-andrun reaction of the off-week. If you're wondering about speculations, on the other hand, remember that the sub-standards are proving beyond cavil that the time is ripe for a conclusive action on the strength of the rumors that have been sifting out from under directorate doors since the last lowering of the money rate."

"Looks pretty good on the whole,

"Well, yes and no."

Duncan Underhill.

A Gardener's Wail

HAVE a genial neighbor Who lives across the way; As certain as the dickens Some of his choicest chickens With clucking pipe and tabor Descend on me each day.

These fine and feathered felons
I am inclined to curse;
They peck my ripe tomatoes
With cackling obligatoes;
They gouge my golden melons
That might increase my purse.

They spoil my nice cucumbers,
And mine are of the best;
They scratch about the flowers
Until my spouse just lowers;
They punctuate my slumbers
With sounds which I detest.

I love my genial neighbor,
But not his troublous flock;
Though they are God's creations
I greet with objurgations
Their spoiling of my labor
Each morn at six o'clock.

I rather hate to do it,
Yet what else shall I do?
I'll rig myself a ratchet,
Or sharpen up my hatchet,
Then straightway I'll go to it
And get myself a stew!

Clinton Scollard.

Ye Wyse Cracker

A Chaucerian Fragment

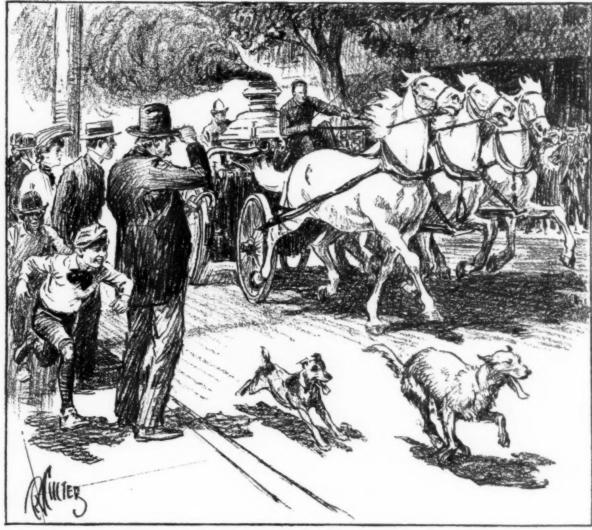
SO yt did come to passe thot yt wis ye turne of ye wiffe of a travellynge salesmanne, a heartie wuman, full y-fleshed, to telle a tayle to ye brave compagnie. Ynde didde shee thenne telle of Patte ynde Mique, ynde howe one night theye come to a lonlie farmhouse. A broade tayle ynde fonnie, butte notte one to be sette downe here to make ye maydes to blushen and ye olde subscribers to wrighten in indignaunte lettyres. Whenne she was throe, yt was ye clerk, thot sely fellowe, yt bespake herre faire.

"Moddom," quoth he, "I will saye that thou knowest thy grosseries!"

H. W. H.

FIRST POLITICIAN: Has this town got a "reform element"?

SECOND CROOK: No, we ran him out.



The Gay Nineties

GASOLINE IS SUPPOSED TO WIPE OUT SPOTS. BUT GASOLINE FIRE EQUIPMENT WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO WIPE OUT THE SPOT IN OUR MEMORIES OCCUPIED BY THOSE THREE MILK-WHITE CHARGERS ON THE ALERT ENGINE, WHICH THUNDERED DOWN MAIN STREET TO ANSWER THE ALARMS OF THE NINETIES.

A Few Reasons Why I Love Her

 $\mathbf{B}^{ ext{ECAUSE}}$ she doesn't use cigarette holders eighteen inches in length,

Because she doesn't know the first name of every headwaiter in town.

Because she has heard of psychoanalysis but isn't forever working it into her conversations.

Because she has a way of lisping the word "dearest" that thrills me to the very marrow.

Because she has a way of drooping her eyelashes and pouting that thrills me even more.

Because she doesn't ask inane questions during athletic contests.

Because, while dancing, she doesn't hum a garbled lyric of the song the band is playing.

Because she can scramble eggs that are ambrosial. Because she is not offensively healthy.

Because her finger nails aren't like stilettos. Because she doesn't think everything is "cute."

Because she is just as wonderful every time I see her.

Because she knows how to sympathize, Because she is essentially feminine,

Because she always has an extra kiss for me.

Because she doesn't talk a blue streak. Because she likes what I like.

Because her life isn't built around a bridge table.

Because she is occasionally sad. (To be continued.)

Charles G, Shaw.

Business Borrows the Double Idea from the Movies

WILLIAM J. JONES, III, pompous and immaculate, sat in his mahogany-furnished office. In a corner sat another man, equally pompous and immaculate, and astonishingly like the first in appearance.

A heavy door swung open and Jones's private sec-

retary entered.

"A beautiful little blonde to see you, sir," he smiled. "She says she has a luncheon engagement."

"Show her into my super-private office, Hammond," Jones answered. "Is any one else waiting to see me?"

"Yes. Your wife, sir. She is very excited, and waving a letter scented strongly with perfume and addressed to you, apparently, by a lady."

William J. Jones, III, took up his hat and stick, pausing for a moment at the door to speak a few words to the man in the corner.

"Burton," he ordered, "you take this scene. I'll be busy for the next two hours on luncheon location."

C. Warden La Roe.

Prevue

"WANT a couple of seats for the opening night of my revue?"
"Thanks—but if it's just the same to you, I'd rather attend the undress rehearsal."

DUELING, says a Hungarian lawmaker, is one of the best ways of making friends.

Another way of striking up an acquaintance with a man is by setting fire to his house.



Everyday Deeds That Pass Unsung

PROVING AFTER FORTY YEARS' OBSERVATION THAT THE STAR "DELICATESSEN" IS, AFTER ALL, ONLY 577,999,999,999 MILES AWAY, AND NOT 578,000,000,000, AS ORIGINALLY SUPPOSED.

Mrs. Pepis Diary

July
14th
Lay late, reading the journals and sorting the papers which I have brought to Cooperstown to search for the material of a book I do mean to write, and in a diary wrote when I was nine years old there was the statement that if a good fairy gave me three wishes I should ask for a diamond ring, a white feather boa and some club sandwiches, and it did set me a-pondering as to what my contemporary demands would be

contemporary demands would be in such an instance, and methinks that now I would take a winter in Italy, the ability to play anything soever on the pianoforte and the loss of twenty pounds, albeit it is only by the severest taxation of my Christian spirit that I should not wish first for some sort of comeuppance for Carrie K., who has annoved me more of late than I did think it was possible for any individual to do. A fine luncheon of eggs en gelée and whipped-up crab meat and salad and then driving through the magnificent rolling country to Gilbertsville for tea with M., where there was a fairish-sized company to greet us, and Mistress Henry Gilbert did tell me of two young women with a New York kitchenette whose friends in the country did send them a live turkey for their Thanksgiving dinner and how, after easting about for some means of putting the bird to death, they had (Please turn to page 30)



The Cop: SAY! I ALMOST BROKE MY NECK FOLLOWIN' YOU AROUND THEM CURVES.

She: WELL, I HOPE THIS TEACHES YOU NOT TO CHASE AFTER EVERY PRETTY GIRL YOU SEE!

Turtle and Snail

Vacuna, patroness of all vacations,

Divinity of Indolence and Sloth, To you I'll sacrifice, with grave libations.

A Turtle, or a Snail, or maybe both.

No,—let me substitute a crown of myrtle

With poppy wreaths of soporific charm

For that unhurried Snail and drowsy Turtle

Who haven't ever done us any harm.

Sweet relict of the Golden Age of Saturn,

Fair Goddess, hear your postulant's request

That he may briefly cease to be a pattern

Of diligence, and take a little rest!

Waft me afar from stirring folk who ravel

The flowing threads of life! I do not ask

To see great sights, to bustle, play, or travel;

I merely want to idle, dream and bask.

Remote from stress and toil, among the daisies

Upon a velvet sward I fain would doze,

Revolving such delicious words and phrases

As "balmy slumber," "leisure," "case," "repose."

The Early Bird is after caterpillars,

The Beaver's building dams with sticks and such;

But fuzzy worms, and grubs and moths and millers

And sticks do not intrigue me overmuch.

I envy not the Bee who robs the flowers,

The Ant whose industry adorns a tale;

Vacuna, grant to me the peace that dowers

Your lazy Turtle, your immoral Snail!

Arthur Guiterman.



Playing Store

She: How much are your beans?
He: FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.
"APIECE?"
"YES."

"ALL RIGHT. GIVE ME A DIME'S WORTH."

Competition Breeds Contempt

Scene: A Club Car

RIRST PASSENGER: How's business up in your neck of the woods?

SECOND PASSENGER: Not bad. You have to get out and hustle for it, though. You have to keep going, but I can't kick; last week I landed a nice fittle order from some people up in Lake City. It took some real salesmanship to put it over, if I do say it. You see...



DIRT CHEAP

Twenty Miles Farther

Second Passenger: Pretty neat the way I put it over, ch? But, say, that wasn't anything compared to the time I swung that contract at Cliff Harbor, You see...

Forty Miles Farther

Second Passenger: The boss sure gave me a big hand on that deal. Now I'm on my way up to Farlow to put over a real one that's going to take all the high-pressure I've got and—

FIRST PASSENGER: Did you see that fellow that just went out on the platform—he's a movie actor.

Second Passenger: Deliver me from those hams; all they talk about is themselves and pictures. Now, as I was saying, if the house will back me up and...

Spencer A. Spencer.

Easy Reading for Hot Weather

SEE the man.

The man wears a cowboy suit and a cowboy hat.

Is the man a cowboy?

Who is the man?
The man is President Coolidge.

What is he doing? He is running for office.

Can be run in that suit?
Watch him.

T. L.



AUGUST 4, 1927

VOL. 90. 2335

"While there is Life there's Hope"
Published by
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DR. MUR-R A Y BUTLER has been saying again in Europe what he

has said before in the United States, that there are no great men in sight; that the war seemed not to develop any. Arthur Brisbane quotes Cyrus Curtis as thinking that history will disagree with him; that Woodrow Wilson will stand out very big if the League of Nations is a success, and that "Mussolini may be a giant if his challenge to democy shall prevail." Mr. Brisbane seems to agree as to Mussolini, who, he says, "will stand out as a real part of history whether he carries through his program or suffers the fate of Rienzi"; but he thinks Lenin will interest history more than anybody else in the war.

That may be, and Mr. Brisbane seems to be correct in the opinion that "the war certainly produced no outstanding military genius." The military profession got little renown out of it. What there was went chiefly to Marshal Foch. A recent magazine article about Marshal Joffre praised him as a man and especially as an emergency man, but that was because of his character. As a military man the opinion was that he did not exist. Somehow, generals nowadays seem not to be up to their job.

But would Dr. Butler recognize a great man if he saw him, as horse dealers say, in the rough? Few of the college presidents who knew Mr. Wilson as a college president can see him big. Dr. Alderman may be able to, but most of them not. To them he is a limited and faulty man,

and though most of them will admit that he had formidable qualities, he is not great to them.

It is quite possible that great men are those through whom some invisible guidance works; men possessed, so to speak, by a great spirit. St. Paul was formidable while he was persecuting the Saints; he was a man of energy and made it hot for them; but what made a great man of him was the vision he saw on the road to Damaseus. After he got that steer, he began really to amount to something.



WHAT Dr. Butler really says is that there is no greatness now visible in any sphere of human activity that he can recognize.

He fails to find "a really great poet or philosopher or a genius of some other sort who dwarfed his fellows." But how about counting in Henry Ford as "a genius of some other sort"? One cannot think of any one who has contributed so much to make life different, or has had a greater effect upon his generation. Elmer Davis described him the other day as a man who was densely ignorant about ninety-eight per cent. of the field of human knowledge, but who knew more about the other two per cent, than any other man who ever lived. Henry is a genius; he has dwarfed his fellows, and it is possible he has something of that leading which sometimes makes men great. The way he has abandoned the job of baiting the Jews has been almost as scandalous as his getting into it, but the fact that at last he

has recognized that it was a bad job is quite important. It is very important that that man should have a good steer; that he should not make awful blunders. He has always been ignorant but he has never been stupid. Just now his interest in airplanes is interesting-especially in the curious uncertainty that seems to prevail about what is ahead for our civilization. From various sources, regular and otherwise, informed and highly speculative, come admonitions that we should look for more wars. In case those forecasts come true within the next ten years Henry Ford may be very important.



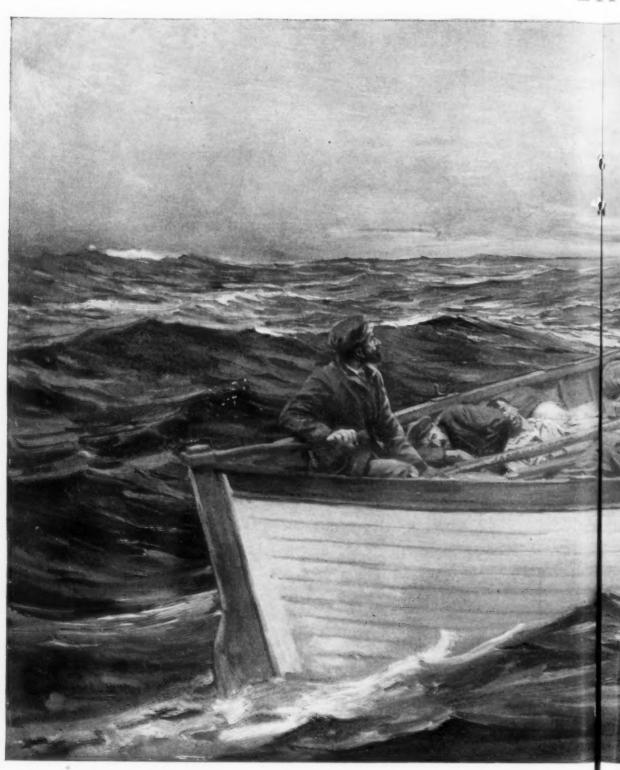
IT is inevitable that some one shall say that the alleged dearth of great men is due to the present superabundance of teaching. Greatness is not taught. It is developed. Men can be taught to be indispensable subordinates, but not to be leaders. Leadership is a different matter. It has to come out of the inside of the man, and if the outside is caked over too thick with instruction it may never fetch through it.

Henry Ford's leadership was never impeded by too much instruction. Neither was Lincoln's, nor Einstein's, nor Mussolini's, nor Pupin's, nor Orville Wright's, nor Charles Lindbergh's, nor Napoleon's, nor Bobby Burns', nor Walter Scott's. In all these minds there was room left for hospitality to thought. It may be that the true sign of genius is capacity for resistance to mindstuffing.

FTER all, the difficulty in reach-A FTER an, the dimension being agreement at Geneva between Japan, Great Britain, and the United States is not altogether due to temperamentalism in the negotiators. The obstacles to an agreement are quite substantial, mainly because the problems of the three countries are so different. What Great Britain really needs is to rule the wave as heretofore, and banish neutrals, if necessary, as well as hostiles from the seas when she gets into serious trouble. Nobody can agree beforehand to let her do that. If the conference fails, that may be for the best. If it succeeds, it will have won success in spite of substantial difficulties. E. S. Martin.



For a Change
Miss Europa: I wish you'd say it with these more often!



Another



ther Day

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Confidential Cuide Com

Owing to the time it takes to print Life, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Barker. Billmore—The ballyhoo man of a traveling show experiences several of the more prominent emotions. A generally good evening, with Walter Huston as the ballyhoo man.

Crime. Times Square—Fairly regulation crook play, containing one exciting scene in which you get all the fun of robbing a jewelry store and none of its drawbacks.

The Ladder. Cort—According to this drama, we keep coming back to life in successive incarnations. This is likely to be the only period in which one will be able to see "The Ladder." however—so don't put it off until your next incarnation. Or rather, why not?

The Spider. Music Box—The mystery play by which the season will be remembered.

The Squall. Forty-Eighth St. — Gypsy monkey-business, upsetting several men and Blanche Yurka. Not quite worth worrying about.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. Republic-The last week.

Broadway. Broadhurst—If, by any chance, you haven't seen it yet—but there, of course you have!

The Constant Wife. Maxine Elliott's—Ethel Barrymore at her best in Maugham's polished wise-cracks on marriage.

The Mating Season. Selwyn-No.

The Play's the Thing. Henry Miller's—Holbrook Blinn in a trifle by Molnar which turns out to be very funny in spots and very risqué in others, but always the gentleman.

The Road to Rome. Playhouse—History as it should always be told, with Jane Cowl to give it just that added touch.

Saturday's Children. Booth—Ruth Gordon as the young wife who audits the books on marriage in a highly satisfactory little play of home life.

The Second Man. Guild—Light, or drawing-room, comedy of a calibre not often attained outside England.

Tommy. Ellinge-Clean and pleasant.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Allez-Oop! Earl Carroll-To be reviewed later.

The Circus Princess. Winter Garden—A big show for your money, with Viennese music and "Poodles" Hanneford and George Hassell for comics.

The Pramatic Department of "Life" takes great pleasure in announcing the successful culmination of its campaign to close "Abie's Irish Rose." On August 6th this comedy will end a nominal run of two hundred and seventy-one weeks.

HERETERS CONTRACTOR OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PRO

Me rest on our sword and await the toesin for a fresh crusade.

Robert Benchley.

The Desert Song. Casino—Eddie Buzzell in one of the late season's better ones.

Follies of 1927. New Amsterdam-To be reviewed later.

Grand Street Follies. Little—The young people from the late Neighborhood Playhouse inclever mockery of some of our more mockable stage stars.

Hit the Deck. Belasco—A good show with at least two tunes which you have been hearing all summer. Louise Groody, Charles King and Stella Mayhew head the cast.

Kiss Me. Lyric-To be reviewed next week.

The Manhatters. Grove St.-To be reviewed next week.

Merry-Go-Round. Klaw—A small revue with some good stuff in it, including Marie Cahill and Don Barclay.

A Night in Spain. Forty-Fourth St.—Good and garish, with some very funny stuff from Phil Baker and Ted Healy.

Padlocks of 1927. Shubert—Texas Guinan in a revue which, alone among competitors, succeeds in being intimate.

Peggy-Ann. Vanderbilt—Helen Ford and Lulu McConnell in something good.

Rang Tang. Royale-One of the better Negro revues.

Rio Rita. Ziegfeld—Something nice to look at. Comedy from Ada May, Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler.

Private Showing

(Hollywood Studio Employees View a Film They Did Not Work On)

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SCENARIO WRITER: You can't make good pictures from bad scripts.

DIRECTOR: I know — but who

called that guy a director?

Actor: If she's an actress, I can make a watch.

CAMERAMAN: A blind man could do better with a Brownie.

WARDROBE DEPT.: 'J'ever see such clothes?

SET DRESSER: They didn't have clocks like that in those days.

TITLE WRITER: A lot of chest-nuts.

(Time Lapse)

ADVERTISEMENTS: A CROWNING A C H I E V E M E N T—AN AR-TISTIC TRIUMPH.

The Public: Let's go to a movie—oh, any one, whatever's at the Palatial; they have such good prologues.

K. M.

O NE interesting event of the millennium will be the spectacle of the mosquito and the camper lying down together.

Native African Sculpture

Its Background, Future and the Old-Fashioned Waltz

By Robert Benchley

(With Photographs by the Author)

THE recent exhibition of West African sculpture created a furor in art circles which died down in about fifteen minutes-which was just about the time consumed in removing the objets from the packing crates. We are therefore printing a critical estimate of these little carvings in an attempt to arouse enough interest in them among art lovers to have them crated up again to be sent back to West Africa.

One must understand the spirit which is at the back of West African sculpture in order to appreciate

the intense integrity of its technique. It isn't so much the sculpture itself (although, in a way, it is) as the fact that it is filled with

raisins. These can be extracted and eaten if you like raisins. Early Florentine sculpture and late Greek modeling (some of the late Greek was so late that it ran right over into Early Florentine and nobody knew the difference) had no raisins.

THIS DOESN'T SEEM TO MEAN

MUCH TO ANY ONE.

A study of the examples printed on this page will hardly serve to demonstrate this point, but it won't do any harm to look at them casually.

EXAMPLE 1 is a native West African funeral mask, worn by any relative of the deceased who wanted to attend the funeral and yet didn't want the rest of the relatives to know that he was in

town. This would probably account for the strong Irish cast to the features of the mask. No one would think of an Irishman being a relative of a native West African, although stranger things have happened. This mask was brought back by the Huber's 42nd St. Museum expedition and is now on exhibi-

tion in the Renaissance Biped Room of the Museum itself.

Example 2

is one of the most sincere of these native sculptures. It is a local fetish in the shape of a salt-cellar (a pretty funny shape for a saltcellar, you are doubtless

saying to yourself), as salt is considered to be very lucky on the West Coast of Africa, especially if you happen to have any fried chicken and hashed-in-cream potatoes to put it on. This salt-cellar fetish, in addition to being a talisman, also tells

a story-(stop it if you have heard it):

It represents the gradual growth of the seed to the mature plant, the seed being represented by the two hands of the little figure and the mature plant by the two knees. In the spring of the year, when the seed is planted, everything is bright and green. Hence the hands. In the fall, when the grain is gar-

nered, the year is nearing its close, Nature is putting on her winding sheet for the long winter, and nothing seems right. Hence the knees. That may not be the explanation at all. How should I know?

Example 3 is a poser, frankly. It was found on the West Coast, in a

district known as the "West Coast Studios." Nobody seems to know who found this example of native art, or where it was found. It just turned up among some other bits of sculpture in the Museum's shipment. At first it was thought to be a bust of the local Lon Cha-beg pardon! At first it was thought to be a replica of Naa, the Fog-God - and it still may be. The argument against

this theory is that it isn't round enough. Other experts have placed it in the Post-Fever School (after the scourge of fever which swept the Coast in 1780) and seem to see in it an attempt to show the growth of the seed to the mature grain. Here, again, finders are keepers.

NOW, a study of these three examples, representing, as they do, three distinct schools of West African sculptural art, shows us one thing-namely, that long before the coming of the White Man there was a distinct feeling for æsthetic expression among the natives of that section of the continent. Just how successful these savage strivings were, and just what degree of skill was mastered by these tribal artists, is something which each connoisseur must decide for himself. Personally, I wouldn't give them house-



WEST AFRICAN SALT-CELLAR FETISH, SHOWING THE GROWTH OF GRAIN FROM THE SEEDLING TO THE RIPE KERNEL.



FUNERAL MASK, WORN BY RELATIVES WHO WANT TO LOOK IRISH.

Shock

AN emotion meter has been de-vised and in a recent test it registered a married woman's pulse going from seventy-six to one hundred and twenty-eight when her husband kissed her.

The novelty of being kissed was probably the cause.

Life

LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children



HEAVENS, it's hot!
How have you been standing it? Here in town it has been beyond

all adjectives Asphalt streets like melting lava beds—the baked buildings throwing off fierce—radiations of heat—the air

murky and yellow—the policemen, wild-eyed, halting the sweltering traffic to let an ambulance through on its way to pick up a heat-

prostrate!

Even you in the country haven't had it easy. Houses simmering—trees hanging breathless—grass and gardens parched. It has been a bad spell for all of us. But—think what it has meant for the children of the tenements!

On Saturday, while passing the Public Library on Fifth Avenue, we saw a scrap of a boy—black-haired, white-faced, bony, a scarecrow as to clothes—seat himself joyfully in the basin of one of the fountains decorating the Library facade. What if the loitering pedestrians roared with laughter! What if the heavy, ill-fitting trousers made a leaden bathing suit! What if the law did, almost immediately, descend upon him

with dire results and hold him up, dripping, for all the world to see!

For a moment at least he had dreamed of the luxury of splashing in cool streams, of the right to play,

of the holiday spirit!

If any of you had seen him—poor little waif—you would have said: "Don't shake him like that! Don't frighten him! Let me take him and send him where he really can have his bath in the open air, his right to childhood. Let me send him to one of Life's Camps for Needy Children. I can spare a little out of my plenty for this scrap of humanity!"

You would have loved yourself for doing this, wouldn't you? And you would have a right to love your-

self for such a deed.

Now, just because you didn't happen to pass by at the exact moment to rescue this particular child from the red-hot city is no reason why you can't rescue his brother and sister. The family of New York City's poor is numerous almost to unbelief.

We beg of you to send some of the youngsters who have just managed to stagger through this last hot wave to Life's Camps. The Camp for Boys is at Pottersville, N. J., and the Camp for Girls is at Branchville, Conn. Twenty dollars (\$20), approximately, pays for a holiday of eighteen days for one child at either of these Camps.

Will you help us do something for these wilted youngsters of the slums? Will you take one forlorn little scrap out of the Library Fountain and send him to Pottersville, where he can splash in the swimming-hole of the big brook? Or, if you fancy a girl gamin, send her to Branchville where there is a lovely new outdoor pool. Twenty dollars, please! Or more—or any part of it—but something, in the name of mercy!

L. A. F.

Life's Fresh Air Fund has been in operation for the past forty years. In that time it has expended \$385,648.79 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 50,671 poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

a nonday for some poor chia from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?
Contributions, which are acknowledged in Life about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to Life's Fresh Air Fund, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

York,
Previously acknowledged, \$10,375,01
L. G. Dodge, Worcester, Mass. 20,00
Lillian Bernstein, New York 20,00
C. H. Hill, New York 50,00
Michael A. Busch, New York 50,00
Mirs, Walter H. Aldridge, New Rochelle, N. Y 30,00
E. C.," East Orange, N. J. 5,00
Glement F. Birch, New York 1,00
Remand M. Cone, Greensboro, N. H. 10,00
To the memory of Virginia & George, Haverford, Pa 10,00

(Continued on page 31)



PEACE, PLENTY AND PROTECTION! OLD GLORY WILL MEAN THESE FOREVER IN THE HEARTS OF THE LITTLE GIRLS OF OUR BRANCHVILLE CAMP WHO STAND AT THRILLED ATTENTION FOR "COLORS" EACH SUNDOWN.

Chimes of Chislehurst

The Town Crier

WHEN some one goes bankrupt or sues for divorce

She knows in advance all about it, of course.

In scandal and dirt she is thoroughly versed

And when trouble is brewing she hopes for the worst.

The Village Bard

With her readings and poems and charity fêtes

Quite murderous moods this fair lady creates.

She gets up a pageant or masque every year

In which only her family dare to appear.

The Go-Getter

Each morning he's there with his affable smirk

And a greeting so phony it just couldn't work.

If once you encourage this talkative bird

You'll ride into town without speaking a word.

The Lady Politician

She fusses with politics, precedents,

While the local boss works her as one of his "tools."

Though for labor's advancement she freely gives aid

She hates to give afternoons off to her maid.

The Good Fellow

At parties she laughs and creates quite a noise

Exchanging bum stories and drinks with the boys.

She's strong for the men, says that girls make her sick. Now wouldn't you know that her

Now wouldn't you know that her ankles were thick?

Percy Waxman.

Too Modest to Include Leap Year

NEW YORKER (incredulously): And you mean to say that in California you have three hundred and sixty-five days of sunshine a year?

THE MAN FROM LOS ANGELES: Exactly so, sir, and that's a mighty conservative estimate.



Mother; WELL! HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THIS DISGRACEFUL BUSINESS?

Daughter: IT'S YOUR DARNED RUBBER HEELS.

When Perfection Is Reached

Opening Announcements of the Ultimate Movie Theatre

WE eliminate the parking problem. A representative of our Automotive Department will meet you at the entrance, take your car in trade, and have your new one ready for delivery when the performance is over. Nothing to do but sign the notes and drive home.

All peanut and popcorn crunchers, bon-bon reachers and caramel smackers are anæsthetized by our special atmospheric process. The first motions of their jaws release the latent influences which quiet them for the period of the pro-

All seats equipped with stranglers for sub-title readers. Just break the glass in the lid or summon one of our polite garrottières

in a pink uniform.

Spotlights played on all necking couples on request. Inst.

ing couples on request. Just press the button in the arm of your chair for this service. While we hesitate to abolish in-

While we hesitate to abolish interpretative dancing from the presentations, patrons will find shotguns under their seats.

McCready Huston.



Great Auk: Yes, Sir, I believe in Having a good time while you're alive.

Dodo: That's right. Enjoy yourself while you can, you'll be extinct a long time.

"His Best Pal"

"I IMAGINE camping along the way was lots of fun."

"Yes; my wife and I made a game of it. She'd select the spot and I'd set up the outfit. In the morning, she would pick out the route for the day while I was loading."

PRIZE WINNERS



ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-NINE

She: You told me you'd never been in this place before and that girl called you by your first name. Now, what's your excuse?

He: WELL, LISTEN, DEAR—YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY... She patronizes the same barber shop that I do.

This Alibi, which wins the first prize of \$50.00, was submitted by:

Frank X. McNally, 381 High Street, Berlin, New Hampshire.

Five second prizes of \$10.00 each have been awarded to the following:

A. L. Baron, Brooklyn, New York, for the Alibi: "She probably heard me speak over the radio on 'How to Be Healthy,' remembered my name, and recognized my voice when I said 'spinach'."

MISS MARY CHAMBERLAYNE, Petersburg, Virginia, for the Alibi: "Her face is not at all familiar to me, but how can I help her being familiar to my face?"

Nell B. Jordan, New York City, for the Alibi: "It's your ignorance makes you suspicious. Didn't you ever know that 'George' is the Hungarian word for mister or sir?"

GEORGIE STONE, Warrenton, Virginia, for the Alibi: "When at Childs' we do as children do."

U. H. Warner, Topeka, Kansas, for the Alibi: "Her name looks familiar but I can't remember a letter of her face."

ALIBI CONTEST

Conditions of the Contest on page 32

\$100.00 Weekly in Prizes

FOR our painful situation this week we have selected a scene in or about a regular Army post.

It seems that a young second looie, whose gold bars haven't had time to collect a healthy coat of tarnish, has passed Private Murphy, a veteran of the famous World War.

Private Murphy has neglected to snap into a salute—and the West Pointer is justly indignant.

What will Private Murphy say? That, dear reader, is just where you enter the picture.

You must come to the assistance of this poor soldier. You must supply him with an Alibi, or excuse, which will be clever enough and ingenious enough to assuage the officer's wrath.

Those who submit the eleverest

and most ingenious Alibis — expressed in no more than twenty-five words—will be rewarded in a substantial financial way. The cash prizes are as follows:

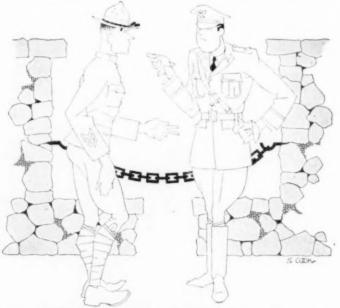
First Prize, \$50.00

Five Second Prizes of \$10.00 each

Every week, Life presents a brandnew Alibi picture, and a new set of prizes. Any one can enter the Contest at any time; it is not necessary to have competed before to be eligible for a prize. ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE will be published in Life next week.

Read the conditions carefully and go to it!

ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-FOUR



Second Lieutenant (just out of West Point): Look Here, soldier—why didn't you salute me? Don't you know an officer when you see one?

Private Murphy (a veteran of the Argonne): WELL, SIR, YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY...

Musicale

WHILE Chopin played the moon moths danced And tiny stars in gay parade Curveted, caracoled and pranced While Chopin played.

Then storms burst on a world afraid; Thick thunder boomed and lightning lanced The heavens with a lurid blade,

And fat Frau Cervelat advanced The reasons why she'd fired her maid To thin Frau Wurst, who harked, entranced (While Chopin played).

Baron Ireland.

The Good Provider

'VE finally bought the vacant lot next door. I couldn't afford it, but with the girls coming home from college, and remembering last summer, I decided we'd better have a parking ground. I try to be a good citizen. If anybody else had thirty-four collegiate Fords in front of his house from dawn to midnight all summer I'd accuse him of maintaining a nuisance; so I knew it was up to me to give the boys a place to drive in. I'm going to have a lattice across the front and some rambler roses. Then we can entertain the leading men of a dozen colleges without disfiguring our subdivision.

One trouble with letting the cars stand in front of your place is that the neighbors think they are carpenters' machines and ask you if you are building a sleeping porch. The average suburban resident cannot tell

a campus automobile from a plasterer's.

I might as well have the lot anyhow. When the boys stop coming I can build a house on it. My oldest girl is going to marry the trap drummer in the college orchestra, so she'll be back sooner or later and I might as well have a place for them to live. McC. H.

The Downtrodden Farmer

"HOW did you find things down on the farm this summer? Crops good, I hope.

"Well, Father did fairly well on his barbecue but he just about broke even on his gasoline and oil."

Just Arrived

HUSBAND (to wife): Who is that strange woman I just saw in our kitchen?

Wife: Sh-h-h! That's the cook-of-the-month.

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



MY dear, I'm on the VERGE of coll.APSE—I mean I'm so MAD I could gargle BUTtermilk at this point because it makes me SIMply LIVid the way the NEWSpapers and everything nowadays are always sort of CONsecrating on calling atTENtion to girls' LEGS and all, because I mean I think it is perfectly FOUL the way the newspapers are simply FILLED with SMARTcracks on girls' LEGS or something all the entire time, do you know what I mean? Well, ANYways, my dear, WHAT do you s'pose it said in the paper to-DAY, my dear? ACtually I'm so MAD I could spit TACKS at this point because I mean it said that every girl's GARter was a baROMeter because of the ACtion of the huMILity or something on the 'LAStic of your GARter and if you suddenly felt your GARter getting TIGHT it was going to RAIN or something, and it would be a sign of this huMILity if your GARter suddenly felt TIGHT-can you BEAR it, my dear? But I think the iDEA of your GARters being baROMeters is SIMply VILE, my dear, because I mean s'pos'n' the iDEA sort of gets ROUND gen'rally and MEN who are CALLing on you take adVANtage of the iDEA and use it as an exCUSE to get FRESH. do you know what I mean? Because I mean s'pos'n' some man was CALLing on you and the topic of converSAtion at the moment was the WEATHer. I mean it

would be just LIKE some great OAF to reMARK at this point that it looks to him like FAIR and WARMer or words to that effect. HON-estly, my dear, I think it's the MOST reVOLTing idea I've ever HEARD of—I mean I ACtually DO!"

Lloyd Mayer.

Unheard

"RATHER a sharp thunder storm last night,"

"I hadn't noticed; I was talking with my wife all evening.

FUTILITY—Trying to sell a copy of "Ask Me Another!" to the father of five small boys.



SPEND A FORTNIGHT?"



"The Blood Ship"

A CRITIC is known, in Hollywood, as a sour celibate who enjoys dull, intellectual films, and sneers snootily at red-blooded, heman melodramas. Indeed, I once heard my old buddy, Major Rupert Hughes, observe that, from the critic's point of view, a picture that pleases no more than six people must be good, and one that pleases no less than six million people must be bad.

It is quite true that I frequently sneer at melodramas—"The Yankee Clipper," "Mr. Wu" and "Old San Francisco" are recent examples; but this is not because I resent their popularity (if they are popular). I complain because I consider that most movie melodramas are dull and spiritless. It is also quite true that when I am privileged to see a really rousing thriller—such as "Beau Geste," "The Fire Brigade" or "The Unholy Three"-my hat goes into the air, and I go with it.

All of which leads up to the statement that I enjoyed "The Blood Ship" enormously. Yankee Clipper" What attempted to achieve by mechanical trickery, "The Blood Ship" achieves by brute force.

In that brute force are a sincerity, a simplicity and a straightforwardness which are commendable and extremely effective. "The Blood Ship" does what it sets out to do with no waste motion; it even manages to get by without a hurricane, stirred up in the studio tank.

"THE BLOOD SHIP" is an elementary tale of terrific brutality and equally terrific vengeance on a sailing vessel in the Eighties. Hobart Bosworth is the star and George B. Seitz the director, and the cast is as thoroughly good as I have seen in any picture this year.

Compare "The Blood Ship" with "The Yankee Clipper," and you will observe that the appreciation of all forms of entertainment depends, not upon the distinction that exists between highbrowism and lowbrowism, but upon the vast distinction which exists between honesty and dishonesty-sincerity and hokum.

"The First Auto"

THE why and wherefore of a pic-ture called "The First Auto" are difficult to determine. Possibly it is supposed to be the epic of the Ford car-a graceful tribute from the motion picture industry to the lean genius who publishes but does not read the Dearborn Independent.

At any rate, "The First Auto" is almost childishly stupid in its plot and its characterizations; it is marred by grotesque anachronisms, and there is in it no semblance either of drama or of humor.

The sole reason for its existence, apparently, is that it gives Patsy Ruth Miller an opportunity to look cute in Gay Nincties costumes.

"The Callahans and the Murphys"

THERE are plenty of words with which to describe "The Callahans and the Murphys." Most of them, however, are unprintable.

The adjective that comes quickest to mind is "loathsome," and that may be permitted to stand in lieu of more expressive but less discreet epithets. I had imagined that the depths of vulgarity had previously been plumbed on the screen, but now I know that the slimy surface had hardly been penetrated before Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer dived down and fished up this monstrous mass of bad taste from the bottom.

I don't want to be unfair to other terrible movies by lavishing overenthusiastic calumny on "The Callahans and the Murphys," but at the moment I seriously believe that this is the most terrible picture I've ever . R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments ways nourished a secret desire to see Lon

Ten Modern Commandments, Esther Ralston as an aphrodisiac blonde in a

show.

Fast and Furious. Farcical complications involving an automobile race and a young man who hates speed. Reginald Denny, of course, is the hero. The Way of All Flesh. Emil Jan-

nings has lost none of his laurels in Hollywood; his first American-made film is genuinely fine.

Old San Francisco. Dolores Costello is about to be sold to a Chinaman, when what should come bounding to the rescue but the San Francisco earthquake!

The Unknown. Those who have al-

Chancy hold a cigarette between his toes miss this. Vanity. Leatrice Joy as a social but-

terfly who almost gets hers, in case you're The Missing Link. Syd Chaplin is

chased by a very comical monkey Resurrection. A grim and courageous Tolstoy drama, acted and directed with great intelligence and skill.

Tillie the Toiler. Marion Davies in

a cheap, jazzy, wisecracking and thoroughly uninteresting comedy.

Seventh Heaven. It has been a long time since any star has burst forth as suddenly or as brilliantly as Janet Gaynor does in this.

Camille. Norma Talmadge as the heroine of a far from immortal romance.

The King of Kings. Even Cecil B. DeMille, with all his wizardry, can't im-prove on the King James version of this

Annie Laurie. If Lillian Gish wants to retain her reputation as the Duse of the screen, she should remember that even

Duse never tried to be kittenish.
Stark Love; What Price Stark Love: What Price Glory; Chang; Slide, Kelly, Slide; Old Iron-sides; Beau Geste and The Big Pa-rade. The vote on all of these is "Yes."



BODIES by FISHER of New DESIGN

Each year the motoring public keenly anticipates the new car announcements of General Motors no less for the new splendor of the latest Fisher Bodies than for the finer performance of the chassis.

The Fisher Body Corporation is proud to offer its newest designs and improvements on the splendid new chassis now commanding the public interest.

This year, Bodies by Fisher attain new heights of perfection—in beauty of line and finish, in luxurious roominess, in artistry of appointment, in staunchness and safety of construction.

It is indeed gratifying that such universal public preference attaches to those cars in every price class which bear the emblem—Body by Fisher

FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS

CADILLAC LA SALL

LLE PONTIAC BUICK CHEVROLE







Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



Father (awaiting news): WELL, NURSE, WILL IT USE A RAZOR OR A LIP-STICK? -London Opinion.

Empty Sidewalks

A STRANGER in a Western city was surprised at the lack of pretty girls on the streets, or of girls of any description, in fact.

"Everybody has a car here," explained a friendly policeman.

-Louisville Courier-Journal.

No Good

SHE: You might get the afternoon off Ask leave to attend and come with us. your grandfather's funeral.

He: Not me. I'm not that sort of rotter. Besides, I'm in my grandfather's office.-Punch.

Ann summer vacation advice: "Don't rock the plane.

-New York Evening Post.



Would-Be Suicide (who has eaten a whole box of matches); DARN THE LUCK! NOW HOW AM I GOING TO LIGHT MY CIGARETTE? Gutièrrez (Madrid).

Lines to a Lady Poet Some there be whose rhymes deride Life and Love and Art, Lyric laughing but to hide An aching, breaking heart.

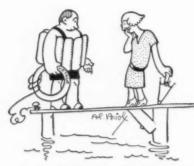
Bitter are my tears and hot, Sighing is my breath-I who weep that I may not Laugh myself to death. -F. P. A., in New York World.

Speedy Disenchantment

THERE'S something tragically human in the plaint of a young New Yorker in his divorce petition. Among other things he says: "We went to Europe on our honeymoon; I was seasick all the way over and she never cared for me after that."

-O. O. M., St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A LONG-LEGGED sheep in the Himalayas is able to run forty miles an hour. That's the kind of little lamb to follow Mary nowadays .- Arkansas Gazette.



"ONE WORD FROM YOU AND I THROW MYSELF INTO THE WATER!" -Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

Seeing's Believing

"Some of them bank blokes is pretty slick with their fingers," Sam Sattiday told us when he came back from his great visit to the city. "See a feller down in the Bank o' Adelaide, and blow me if 'e didn't 'ave to keep a wet sponge alongside 'im to stop 'is fingers from gittin' red 'ot. 'E tol' me so hisself." -Bulletin (Sydney).

Emmanuel's Vacation
"Your Excellency," said the King to Mr. Mussolini, "I should like to have two weeks off either in July, August or September." "Certainly," replied His Excellency with a magnanimous gesture: "take all six." - Detroit News.

THE other day a, man was knocked down on Fifth Avenue by a horse-drawn vehicle. A gentleman of the old school! -New Yorker.

ALL good American aviators go to Paris when they fly.-Columbia State.



Lady with Dog: WELL-WHAT OF IT? I'VE PAID HIS FARE! Irritable Stranger: YES, MADAM, BUT HAVE YOU PAID FOR THE FLEAS? -Le Canard Enchainé (Paris).

Cruel Youth

PAUL had adopted Lindbergh as his hero for all time. He wore a tiny silver edition of the Spirit of St. Louis on the lapel of his coat, his velocipede and toy auto were rechristened "Lindbergh" and the "Spirit of St. Louis" respectively, and the walls of his room were covered with every possible picture of his favorite and the plane.

His mother began to wilt under this perpetual stream and begged for mercy. Paul was deeply hurt by the suggestion that even this thrilling topic might become a bit monotonous.

"Why shouldn't I be excited about it?" he asked. "I bet you were just as excited yourself and talked about it just as much when Columbus discovered America."-New York Sun.

Cutting Classes

"How do you play hookey from the correspondence school?"

"I send them an empty envelope." -Boston Transcript.



Facetious Sailor: III, BILL! 'ERE'S A LITTLE BLOKE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH OUR BOAT.

-Humarist (London).

The Jimtown Weekly

Bob Slocum was planning to elope with Kate Peavy last Friday night but her husband was too sick to drive them to the station.

Shep Tatum is repainting an old car that he picked up for \$50 the other day. It has no engine and won't run, but Shep thinks it will look nice parked in front of his house.

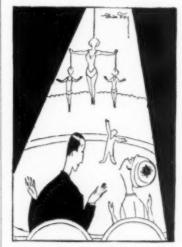
Mr. and Mrs. Zachary Crump announce the arrival on Wednesday last of a 25-pound case of Scotch. Mr. Crump is doing as well as could be expected.

Number Three was on time last Saturday.

Ike Moons was barely missed by a flivver Friday while walking across the street. But he got revenge by yelling, "Who threw that?"

Hez Farley took his fifteen kids to town and had a group picture made the other day. He has mailed copies of the family panorama to all his friends.

-Barrie Payne. Associated Editors (Chicago.)



"SHE'S GOING TO TAKE THEM UP TO THE VERY TOP OF THE CIRCUS JUST LIKE THAT."

"AH, ONE CAN CERTAINLY SAY THAT SHE KNOWS HOW TO RAISE HER CHILDREN."

-L'Intransigeant (Paris).

"Americana"

"Pendleton, Ore—Holding that the defendant was too drunk to know what he was doing and was temporarily insane at the time, a jury in justice court acquitted—on a charge of driving a zar while intoxicated."

—Causadian Paper.

THE man who killed his father and mother and got off on the ground that he was a poor orphan must have met a jury like this .- Punch.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Add Howlers

A young friend of ours, when asked in a general knowledge examination the meaning of "Corps Diplomatique," replied, "Shamming dead."

-London Opinion.

Cellatette, sideboard or ocean stramer kit is incom-plete without Abbott's Bitters. Ads digestion. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Back Seat Work

"Does your wife drive the car?" "Only when I am at the wheel."

-Boston Transcript.

An up-to-date piano teacher told a pupil last week: "Your playing is like a radio photograph."—Musical Courier.

Life is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.00 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

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Outfits for Midsummer

Send for BROOKS'S Miscellany

BOSTON PALM BEACH NEWPORT

LITTLE BUILDING PLAZA BUILDING AUDRAIN BUILDING TREMORT COR. BOTLETON COUNTY ROAD 220 BELLEVUE AVENUE



Conservative effects, cor rectly detailed, constantly enhance WETZEL prestige.



Capseigla by Weize



In Two Weeks—

the TOURISTS' NUMBER

with an alluring cover by RUSSELL PATTERSON, and pictures and text by GLUYAS WILLIAMS, JOHN HELD, JR., LLOYD MAYER, RALPH BARTON, ELLISON HOOVER, ROBERT BENCHLEY, DOROTHY PARKER and many others.

For every one—abroad or at home—this number will be a vacation in itself.

Don't Miss It!

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 14)

got some chloroform from the chemist and smothered it, plucking it afterwards and putting it on the ice. But Lord! when they opened the ice box the next morning, an extremely naked turkey flew out at them and managed to escape through the kitchen door and down into Lexington Avenue, whereupon they gave chase, to the consternation of both pedestrians and the police. Back in comfortable season for supper on the launch, I in my usual trepidation that Sam would not make the landing when we stopped at the tower for the men's plunge, but we have been here almost two weeks of the summer already and he has not fallen once into the lake, for which I thank

Awake betimes, falling July avidly upon "Footsteps in the Night," with which I 15th could not go on last night for sheer terror, for never since I became a slave to mystery literature have I read a tale with more suspense to the paragraph. Then making fine work of my breakfast tray, even to the orange marmalade, which God knows I am a fool to touch, and all a-twitter over seeing a special delivery amongst my letters, but it was nought but a line from Bob Banning to the effect that a woman without a fox scarf was reported to have been seen yesterday in Exchange Place. Then up and out for a stroll, one of the most meaningless of human pursuits, but I did have the luck to meet up with Amy Blank, and we talked of this and that and laughed so merrily in the streets that the village gossips have probably passed the word by this time that we had been imbibing, and amongst other weighty matters we did decide that no man who pays heed to his diet or health in any degree soever can be a romantic figure or even a mild Lothario, and that Amos Tilbury's indigestion alone should be sufficient to allay his wife's suspicions of him. At eards all the afternoon, and then to the Wilbanks' to pick up Sam, and he had a cocktayle in one hand and a cigarette stub in the other, and when I did see him throw the cocktayle into the fireplace and retain the defunct stub, I knew that I had not arrived a moment too soon.

Baird Leonard.

In 1897

"Do you give your pitchers a rest between performances?"

"Always. My star southpaw goes in a double-header to-day, but there's half an hour between games."

-Louisville Courier-Journal,

don't fool yourself



Loses job and sweetheart

Your common sense tells you that neither employer nor sweetheart can stand a case of halitosis (unpleasant breath) very long.

You, yourself, can never tell when you have halitosis. But you'll never have it, if every day you use Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

of all kinds and so leaves the breath Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

1/3 **Had Halitosis**

80 streetcar conductors, meeting the publicateloserangeevery day of the year, said that about one person out of three offends by halito-sis. Who should know better than they?

Face to face evidence

normal and sweet. And the antiseptic essential oils combat the action of bacteria in the mouth.

Begin using it now. Common decency demands it. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. It puts you on the popular and polite side.

Listerine immediately destroys odors Lambert Pharmacal Company, St.

LISTERINE

IS THERE ANY?

What is the point of paying more when Listerine Tooth Paste is a scientifically correct dentifrice and sells for 25c for a large size tube?

-the safe antiseptic

Pipe Smoker Risks Life Finding Can of Favorite Tobacco

Over a period of years, we have heard of many ways in which pipe-smokers prove their devotion to their favorite

But the medal certainly goes to Joseph P. Fink of Darby, Pa.

His letter follows:

Darby, Pa. November 12, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co. Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen I take the liberty of writing you con-erning a little incident that happened o me in the Shenandoah Valley of

cerning a little incident that happened to me in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia.

I have a mania for crawling through a number of unexplored caverns between the towns of Woodstock and Mt. Jackson. One cave was exceedingly dangerous with its tight passages, etc. I spent three hours in this cavity, groping blindly with a "dead" flashlight and a severed guiding string.

with a "dead" flashlight and a severed guiding string.

To cut my story short, I was finally rescued by a searching party after a terrible experience. It was a wonderful feeling as I sat at the mouth of the eavern telling my friends that I would not go back in there for love nor money. I meant it—until I reached for my can of Edgeworth. It was gone, and I recalled dropping something during the excitement in the cave.

It is queer what a man will do when his favorite tobacco is concerned. I realized that without my tobacco it would be as bad as being lost in the cavity—so I crawled back.

It was a grand and glorious feeling as my hand came in contact with the Aristocrat of Tobacco.

Yours very truly,

Yours very truly. (signed) Joseph P. Fink, Jr.



Let us send you samples Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes

> Write your name and ad-dress to Larus & Brother Company, 16 S. 21st St., Richmond, Va.

We'll be grate-ful for the name and address of your tobacco deal-

er, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all pur-chasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edge-worth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio— tune in on WRVA, Rich-mond, Va.— the Edgeworth Station. Wave length (254.1 meters) 1180 kilocycles.

Conditions of the Great Alibi Contest

(Please turn to page 24 for other information.)

E ACH week we will publish a different picture in the ALIBI CONTEST-the picture this week being marked "ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-FOUR.

The first prize of \$50.00 will be awarded each week to the contestant who, in the opinion of the Judges, furnishes the cleverest and most ingenious conclusion to the sentence which starts, "Well, you see, it's this way...." Five second prizes of \$10.00 each will be awarded to the runners-up.

Answers must not exceed twentyfive words in length; this word limit, however, is not intended to include the captions under the Contest pictures as originally published in Life.

There is no limit to the number of answers to each Contest picture that any one contestant may submit. Nor is it necessary for a contestant to submit answers to more than one of the Contest pictures to be eligible

The Judges will be three of the Editors of Life. In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Answers should be typewritten or clearly written on one side of the paper. Every single sheet of manuscript submitted must be plainly marked with the contestant's name and address. The Judges cannot undertake to return any of the manuscripts submitted in this Contest.

Answers to ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-FOUR should be so marked, and sent to ALIBI CON-TEST EDITOR, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. All answers to ALIBINUMBER THIRTY-FOUR must reach LIFE's office before 12 noon on August 18, 1927. Announcement of the winners will be made in the issue of September 8, 1927.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers to LIFE. Members of Life's staff, and their families, are barred from competition in the Contest.

What He Needed

Doctor: You are in bad shape and you must take a vacation.

PATIENT: But, doctor, I'm in the midst of my vacation now.

Doctor: Then you must take a vacation from your vacation.

-Boston Transcript.

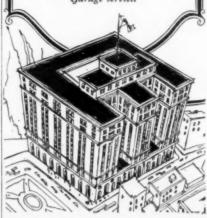
Public Square, Cleveland

LOTEL Cleveland offers a happyand seldom-met-combination. In location and cost it is like a commercial hotel, for it is on the Public Square, convenient to all parts of the city, and many of its choice rooms rent at \$3.

But there the commercial aspect ends. Luxurious furnishings, quiet and friendly service, exceptional food, an atmosphere of refinement all combine to make Hotel Cleveland seem more like a private club or splendid residence. And that is why "Clevelanders prefer the Cleveland" - and why travelers agree with them.

HOTEL CLEVELAND

Every room with bath. Servidor service, floor clerks. Three dining rooms and Lunch Room. Garage service.



Machine Magic

As the watcher peered through the glass the girl seemed suddenly seized with a spasm. Her shoulders jerked convulsively, and her features were distorted. A wild look crept into her blue eyes as the machine remorselessly revolved.

She seemed almost to have fallen into a trance; an automaton obeying the orders of another machine.

Then, just as suddenly, she came back to reality, and straightened up. She came out of the little glass audition compartment.

"I'll take this heebie-jeebies record," she said, sweetly.

-London Daily Chronicle.

Safe

"I have," said the diplomat, "a secretary in whose secrecy I can trust absolutely. In the first place, she does not understand what I dictate, and in the second, she forgets what she has written."

—Pathfinder.

A Tourist just back from England says travel is very broadening to the a's.—Detroit News.



Pyorrhea Wins 4 times out of 5

Watch out! Pyorrhea is a ruthless foe. Its poison creeps through the system and often causes facial disfigurement as well as rheumatism, neuritis and anemia. And 4 persons out of 5 past 40 are its victims.

its victims.

These uneven odds are due to neglect. A little care and you can protect teeth and gums against this enemy. See your dentist at least twice a year and start using Forhan's for the Gums, now.

this enemy. See your dentist at least twice a year and start using Forhan's for the Gums, now.

This dentifrice, containing Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere, forestalls Pyorrhea or checks its course, if used in time. It keeps gum tissue firm and strong. It protects teeth against acids which cause decay. It keeps them snowy white.

Don't gamble! Use Forhan's morning and night. Teach your children to use it. They'll like its taste. It is health insurance. At all druggists—35c and 6oc.

Formula of R. J. Forban, D. D. S. Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's for the gums
MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE
...IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

RDINARILY, this modern

generation scorns precedent.

History is nevertheless repeating—in a way which we find interesting and gratifying. Something about Fatima—its greater delicacy, its more skillful blending of flavors—has made it, as in other days, an outstanding favorite with the younger set.





QUALITY that makes friends everywhere!

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

The Zeal for Broader Things

"Sahib, teach me geography," said a native Christian preacher, who could not read or write.

"Why do you want to learn geogra-

phy?"
"Your Honor, I want to know geography that I may learn the names of more places to pray for."

-The Churchman.

To Be Expected

A STRANGER stopped at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon in front of the house of a man employed in the city sanitation department. Seeing a woman sitting on the porch, he asked whether Mr. Blank was there.

"Sure, he's home," she answered. "He works for the city."—Indianapolis News.

"Mr. Ed Drewel was seen on our streets with some lady. Who was it, Ed?"

—Linn (Mo.) Democrat.

Ann you know what Ed said, don't you?—New York Evening Post.

True Talk

The beauty and strength of pseudoscience is its simplicity. Its exponents are successful to the extent in which they are able to reduce the complex factors that exist in fact to a simple common denominator of their own creation.

— Arthur J. Cramp, in

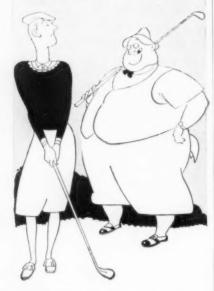
The American Mercury.

Father can see trouble so far ahead that there always is some in sight.

-Milwaukee Journal.

read Life regularly EVERY week!

Play the



HEN your opponent is licking his chops-when he's got you dormy-take out a brand new Silver King. It's great for your confidence, for it takes a miracle to beat the combination of a stout heart in the underdog and the very best golf ball ever made.



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Wholesale Golf Distributors

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weiler, Milwaukee, Wis	5.00
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W. T. Colville, Carbondale, Pa	20,00



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Mrs. Dwight N. Ellis, Springfield,
Mrs. Louis H. Burr, Englewood,
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Gertrude Oakes, Ontario, Can.
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Chew ENTYNE .. and smile!



you. Don't neglect them. Be proud to show them when you smile. Dentyne is a deliciously flavored chewing gum that is more than a confection. It keeps teeth clean and sparkling white.

KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE .

\$10,00 15,00 1,00 20,00 E. Percy Smith, New York,
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A. C. Steere, Shreveport, La.
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A Friend, St. Joseph, Mo.
Annonymous, Mr. Kisco, N. V.
Charles N. Dietz, Omaha,
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Filial Respect

The cycle is like this: When he is a little boy his father knows more than any man in the world; he is a walking encyclopædia. When the boy becomes ten or twelve years old, his father begins to go back, and by the time he is seventeen years old his father is absolutely dumb and knows nothing at all. Then comes a change, and the father begins to pick up. By the time this young man is twentyone his father is almost normal again. -Christian Register.

ISPEL THAT RASH Why suffer when skin troubles yield

so easily to the healing touch of





Contest Closes August 25th

Find six keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola and send in your entry

The "six keys" are the six outstanding reasons, given us by the public, why millions like and drink Coca-Cola. We disclosed the first "key"—taste. The others are just as easily discovered. They have been illustrated and presented in Coca-Cola advertising between the first week in May and now—in many newspapers, in The Saturday Evening Post, Literary Digest, Liberty, Collier's Weekly, Life, and in posters and outdoor signs throughout the country, and in the show window displays and the soda foun-tain and refreshment stand decorations of the many thousands of places that serve Coca-Cola.

You'll find the sixth "key" in the advertisement on the opposite page. Five have already appeared—and you can check back and find them if you have not already entered the

Just three things to do:

Find and write down the "six keys" and tell where you found each one.

Pick out the one key that appeals to you most and tell in one paragraph why it is a good reason for the popularity of Coca-Cola.

Then write an answer (in one paragraph) to this question: Other than magazine and newspaper advertisements, what Coca-Cola advertisement (a wall, poster, red sign or any one of the various pieces used to decorate show windows, soda fountains and re-freshment stands) best illustrates or presents to you one or more of the "six keys"? Tell why and also where you saw the advertisement.

For the correct naming of the "six keys" and the best answers to the two questions, the following cash prizes will be awarded:

																					\$10,000
	prize																				
3rd	prize																				2,500
4th	prize																				1,000
5th	prize														ì				į		500
10 :	sixth p	riz	tes	6	ea	ic	h).										Ĭ.		Ī.	100
20	sevent	h r	ori:	ee	8	6	38	ic	h	ì.											50
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	ninth																				
	1	1 80	ota	1	o	£ (53	15	E	30	i	Z	e	5.			 	*			\$30,000

Follow these simple rules

Contest closes August 25, 1927. All entries must be mailed by midnight of August 25, 1927. The contest is open to everybody except those connected with The Coca-Cola Company, a Coca-Cola bottling company, or their families. Write on only one side of paper. Use typewriter, pen or pencil, but please write plamly. Write your name, occupation and address plainly at the top of the first page of your entry. Prizes will be awarded strictly on merit, including the correctness, neatness and clearness of your answers.

All answers become the property of The Coca-Cola Company and may be used in advertising or otherwise. None will be returned.

Address all answers to

CONTEST JUDGES The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Announcement of the winners and awarding of the prizes will be made as soon after the close of the contest as the judges can complete their work.

The judges will be three former Presidents of the International Advertising Association (formerly Associated Advertising Clubs of the World) and the President af the Coca-Cola Bottlers' Association, and their awards shall be final.

A Strictly American Lexicon

WANNA, verb. Combination of "want" and "to." doan, verb. Combination of "do"

and "not."

"You wanna eat?" "Nah, I doan wanna."

bull-yun, noun. A thin soup. consommé, adj. Thin; as, Bring me

some consommé soup.

soot, noun. A group; as a soot of rooms, a soot of furniture, etc. sekkaterry, noun. An assistant. godda, verb. Must; as, I godda go. chanst, noun. Opportunity. Frequently. 2,

orphan, 1, adv. prep. Off of.

'He orphan borrowed money orphan his friends."

kump-tubble, adj. At ease.

apper-shay-shun, noun. True estimation.

purdy, adj. Good-looking, attractive. "O Maiden, capable and sturdy, I would that you were also purdy. finely, adv. At last! as, He done it finely.

holt, noun. A grip. tole, verb. Past tense of "tell."

"I tole you to take a holt on this here."

tempit-sher, noun. Degree of heat. hankit-shuf, noun. Nose cloth. adjoin, verb. Postpone. adjourn, verb. Lie next to.

'The Committee adjoined to the adjourning room."

preem-ear, noun. First performance. port-car, noun. A curtain.

yooda, 1. 2nd person, future-per-fect of "have." 2. 2nd person, past tense of "have."

'Yooda did the same if yooda been her.

pres-pray-shun, noun. Sweat. pie-reer, noun. A gum disease.

stat-sher, noun. A marble figure. draw, noun. 1. Small sliding compartment. 2. Plural. Nether undergarments.

"His draws were in the draw." drawer, verb. 1. To limn; as, I'd like to drawer your pitcher. 2. To pull out; as, He couldn't

drawer out the draw.

modrun, adj. Up-to-date. ammy-choor, noun. A beginner.

waddle, verb. Combination of "what" and "will"; as, Waddle I

rek-a-nize, verb. Perceive.

inter-doos, verb. Make acquainted, as, Meet the wife.

jenny-wine, adj. Authentic. cham-peen, noun. Title-holder.

"He was a jennywine champeen." garodge, noun. House for automobiles.

awstridge, noun. A bird.

lik-kewer, noun. A drink made of fruit syrup.

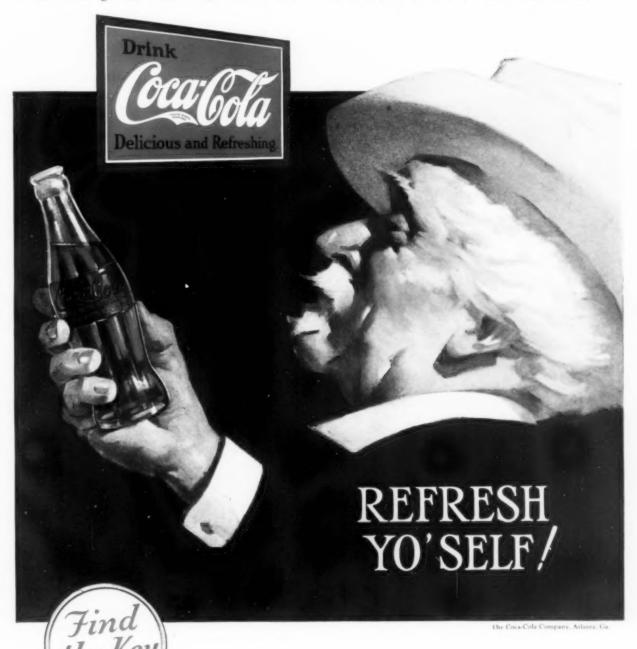
"He plied her with strong likkewer,

But she stabbed him to death with a skewer."-Ballad of Alaska Nell.

W. H. Wright.



\$30,000 in Cash Prizes!



Cold and tingling with a delightful after-sense of refreshment. Drink Coca-Cola! You'll find it refreshing. More people agree on that than on electing a president.



A perfect approach



Enough to win any man over, the natural tobacco taste that you get in Chesterfield—and nowhere else!

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.